

# CASCADIAN

---

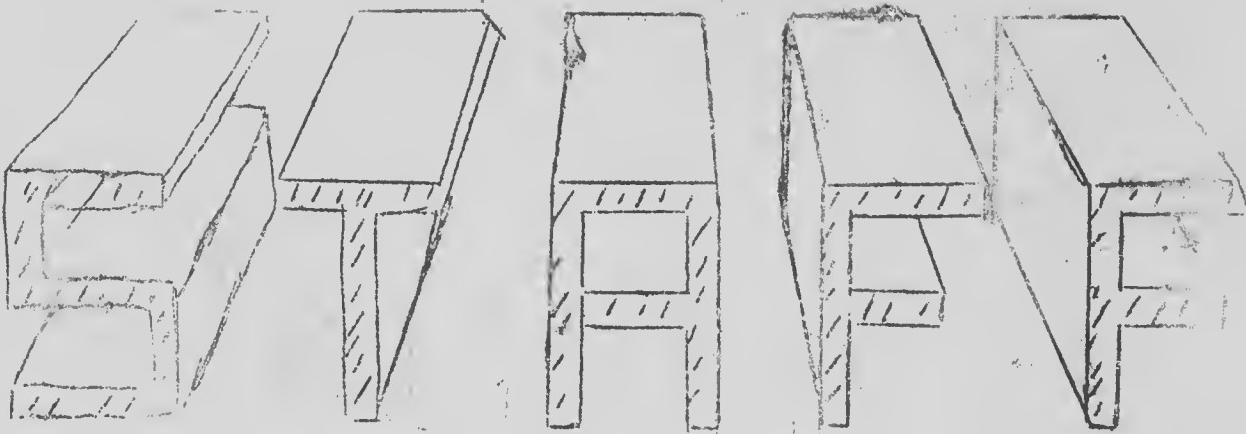
---



*Published Monthly by the Journal Club  
of the Banff High School*







EDITOR ----- Audrey Masterson  
ASSISTANT EDITOR ----- Sally Walker  
ADVISER ..... Eunice Neilson  
..... Mr. Ohlsen

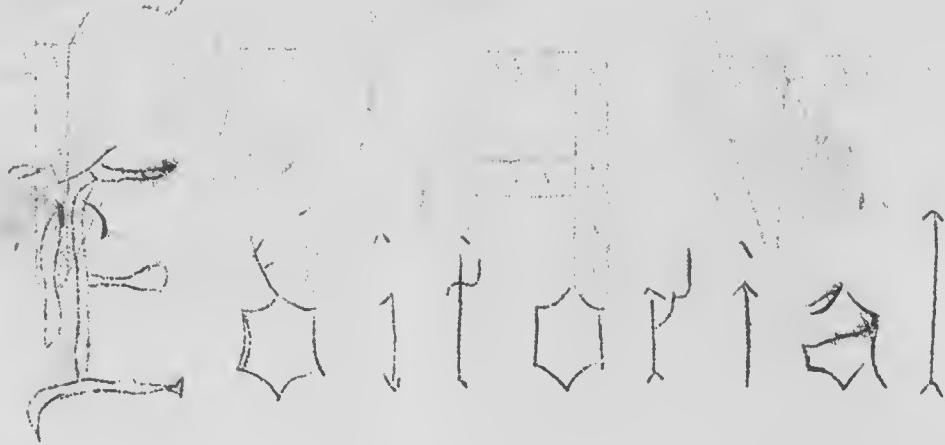
STAFF

PINNACLE PAINS ----- Doris Livingstone  
ONE PAGE ----- Ruth Wylie  
GIRL'S FASHIONS ----- Sally Walker  
BOY'S FASHIONS ----- Eunice Neilson  
Bill Craig  
Roy McCowan  
Frances Gainer  
SPORTS ----- Frances Gainer  
Jack Leavitt  
TECHICAL NOTES ----- Frances Gainer  
EX-STUDENTS ----- Ruth Flew  
EXCHANGE ----- Evelyn Brewster  
OPPOSITE SEX ----- Shirley Jerwa  
NEW COMERS ----- Mildred Young  
STUDYING THE STUDENT ----- Ken Williamson  
Gary Mc Donough  
ADVICE TO THE LOVE TORN ----- Joanne ButterBall  
Mc Kinnon

TYPISTS ..... ILLUSTRATION ..... PRODUCTION

Carol Colclough  
Lorraine McKinnon  
Joyce Watson  
Doris Livingstone  
Doris Bingay  
Sally Walker  
Marilyn McHardy

Audrey Masterson  
Eunice Neilson  
Jean Allen  
Frances Davidson



Time is a measurement of Change ..... We need only read the pages of a history book to realize this adage. But thinking back isn't necessary. We can just look around us to see that it takes Time for a tree to grow; a flower to bloom and for summer to come and go. Time might be called a phantom of fate moving people about the world like you would move a pawn on a chess board. Time is what some people have too much of, others not enough. When you are young you never seem to have enough time. But as you grow older, Time hangs heavy on your hands, as if the phantom of Time has seen fit to let you think and brood the fact over that, Time is a measurement of Change. As you think back over your not too numerous years, how many times have you wondered what would have happened if you had done a certain thing at a certain time. But the phantom will never give you a chance to know, for once she has moved you, she will not move you back, for Change is a measurement of Time also .....

Buckey

# OUR PRESIDENT

## S P E A K S

I often sit and ponder over life. No, I'm no philosopher, but I've been told so often words to the effect of "You are the new generation. We place in your hands the future of Banff, of Canada, of the World." Are we capable of taking over this task? What has the future in store for us? We shall go to University or technical school to receive training for our special task, and we shall try to work in harmony, each doing his own job as well as he can. We all have a place in the future, mechanic or premier --- we all belong.

We have been preparing for this arduous task since we could first crawl, when our complete world was the floor of the kitchen. Then we learned to walk, and our horizons broadened to the extremities of the house and play-yard. We started school, oh so proud of the shiny new ruler clutched tightly in our hand, maybe a little wary of teacher and her strange domain. She was our key to life and she helped us unlock the door as she carefully taught the alphabet and presented the strange new words to us, and in later years, gave us books to read which taught us of other countries, the exotic East and the vast West. "There is no frigate like a book". . . . How true the immortal words of Emily Dickinson. Grade six, we knew everything then.

Then grade seven and the uncertainty started over again. This was the turning point in our lives. We started to grow up, and although still afraid of the future, we studied the past, analyzed the present in an attempt to understand the future and be prepared for it. Here we started to have responsibilities, for the future must be dark if we don't learn from experience and gain confidence. Maybe room representative on our own school executive, maybe the author of a column in the Cascadian. Grades eleven and twelve, how the years have flown, but we have learned, not nearly all that we shall, but a glimmering of what leads us has cut through the dark uncertainty. New tasks, more homework, more responsibilities --- maybe editor of the Cascadian or president of the Students Union, as I have become. In the summer months we take jobs and meet the population as a whole, learn the value of money and weight things in our mind. We study history, politics and the ways of democracy and dictatorship so that we shall know what is best for our world, for it is our world.

Soon I will be seated at a banquet table with my fellow graduates. Commencing the future. Our learning is not finished, only begun. We shall go on to new horizons, and on and on. I, for one shall be proud to take my place in the world. Take heed, grade seven, mark grade ten! Open your eyes, learn, take in and digest everything which comes into your path. For someday soon, they will be toasting you. To you, and to the future.

## PINNACLE PAINS

This is your editor speaking to you,  
To tell you what's in store for '52.  
Once more, "Pinnacle Pains," are one the way,  
And Jan. 30th is the reckoning day.

Yes, the end of the month is the deadline date,  
So offer your services before it's too late.  
Any cooperation whether large or small,  
Will banish those Pains once and for all.

Cooperation is a word of letters eleven,  
That turns a job into a little bit of heaven.  
Production of a yearbook can and should be such a task,  
If you want to help in any way, you have only to ask.

Although you may decide you haven't got much on the ball,  
You'll probably discover that it's not that way at all.  
Could be you are an Emerson, or a second Walter Scott,  
And do not laugh at this, until you prove that you're not.

For who knows what talent lurks in your brain,  
("And don't turn this page saying, Oh, 'what a pain!')  
Enter the Yearbook Contest and try your luck,  
You might even end up with an extra buck!

If you still don't feel you're this way inclined,  
Even your cloud could be silver-lined.  
The very word silver, is scarce you'll agree,  
You've nothing to lose, so try it and see.

One of the Pains, too often we forget,  
Is the press deadline which never is met.  
This will always be the case, I am afraid,  
Whoever tries to change it, is better off daid.

Another Pinnacle Pain, that now comes to thought,  
Is those last year's Finnacles that never got bought.  
You signed your John Henry without a qualm,  
Showing promise to pay, with face so calm.

When finally asked to cough up for a book,  
You gazed at us with a horrified look,  
"You've got me all wrong," you say harrassed,  
As the staff looks with sorrow, at small finance amassed.

"But such is life," you reply gleefully,  
Although it's not funny to the staff or to me.  
With a little cooperation it's needless to say,  
We could make this little effort really pay.

S  
So when asked to help please decide to say, "yes."  
And this year's Pinnacle will not be a mess!

OOO

QAGE

### School Subjects

Father: My boy wishes to enter your college.

Professor: In what is he interested?

Father: Nothing

Professor: Good! That simplifies matters. We won't have to break him in.

### Spelling

Teacher: How do you spell the word straight?

Pupil: S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T.

Teacher: Now, what does it mean?

Pupil: Without ginger-ale.

### English

Gloria: Doesn't Marie have a polished manner of speaking?

Jean: Yeah, everything she says manages to cast a reflection on somebody.

### English

Definition:

Simile: As eager as a student entering an examination room.

### Geography

A high school student entered a bus and sat in the only empty seat next to a harmless looking traveller. Soon the student opened a map of Manchuria and began to study it.

The traveller gazed at the map for awhile and finally addressed the student in an interested tone: "Sure you are on the right bus?" he asked.

### Chemistry

Nitrate-cheaper than day rate.

Decompose-what the Cascade orchestra does to music.

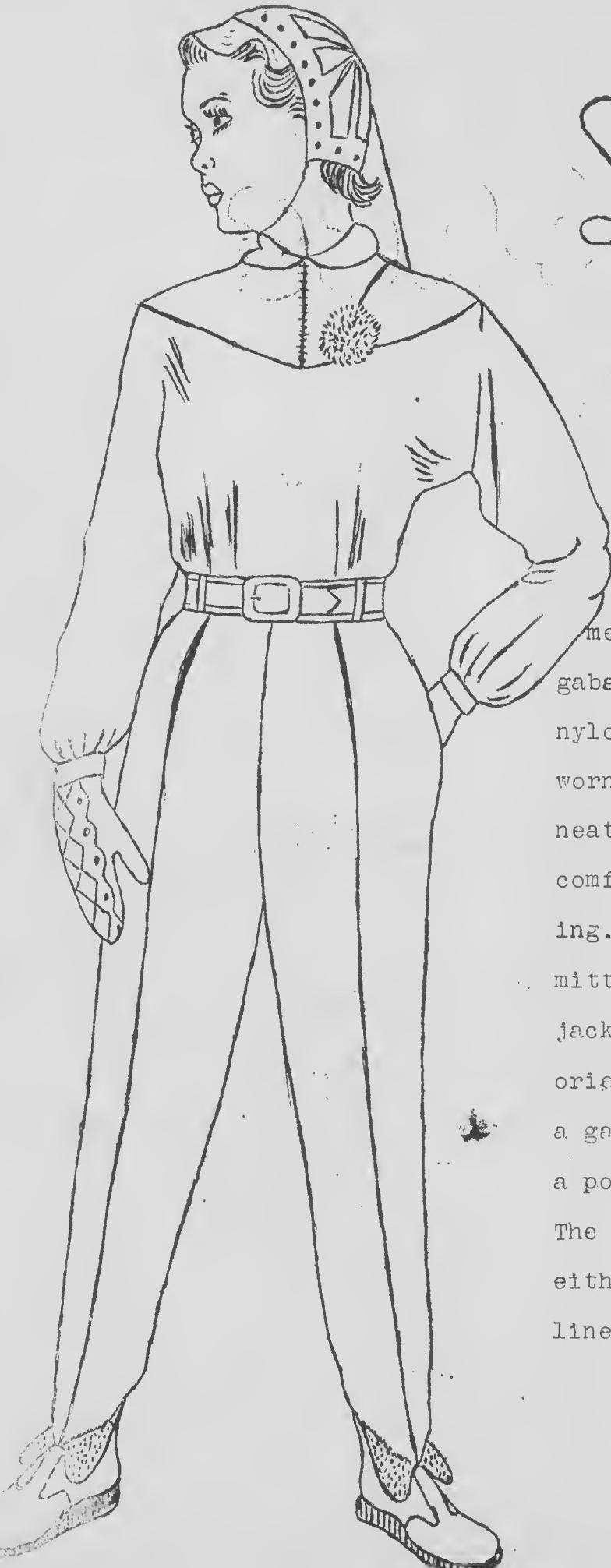
Zinc-what a boat does when it is torpedoed.

Tin-opposite to fat

Barium-what they do to dead people..

### Social

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
The subject dry  
The lecture deep  
If it should end before I wake  
Gimme a poke for goodness sake.



# Ski Togs

As winter and ski weather again come around, all students are going out for new ski equipment. This includes well draped gabardine tapers with a bright colored nylon ski-jacket. The jacket may be worn either tucked in the tapers for neatness or left out to give greater comfort and more freedom while skiing. With this of course go the mitts either in the same color as the jacket or to match the other accessories. This may consist of a hood or a gaily colored bonnet-type hat with a pom-pom hanging from the back of it. The boots are usually leather lined either with seal's fur or dalmatian lined with sheepskin.



# Fashions

Winter is a season; it is an occupation. We hope all the boys have their cheese-cloth clothing in moth balls.

The hat is a home-made issue from some old hockey stocking with the tassel added. Then there is the scarf which is of the brightest Irish tartan. The bomber jacket can be picked up at any used clothing store in East for a few dollars and the mink collar is thrown in also. The ski slacks which are really remodeled drapes to cut down the boys clothing budget and still keep him in the parade. The flight boots are of last year's stock so be sure to buy them

few sizes too large. The skin of the hair hide mitts may be taken from one of the horses that stand in Brewster's or Mill's stalls.

The ear muffs are of course a Christmas present



# SPORTS

How about a little more interest and enthusiasm shown towards badminton and curling? It would do some of you good to indulge in some exercise, and there is practically no cost. I trust everyone has bought his badminton membership. Starting next week we're going to start checking up.

What do you think of having a skating party followed by a nice warm, cosy weiner-roast? Let's have your opinion on this idea. We've had several suggestions and we think it would be a change from dancing.

While various skiers have been pleasure skiing, Ian Neilson distinguished himself in winning the Junior Boys combined during Christmas holidays. Not bad for a young one. With our present young crop of skiers, Banff should have several Garrie Morrisons in a few years.

Don't forget about that 100% attendance next badminton day.

## ♪ Musical Notes ♪

Our school band continues to progress with each practise-- soon we'll be ready for Hollywood! In case some of you aren't aware of the fact, we have Bob S., Roy M., Louis J. playing trumpets, Con M., Davy W., and their saxophones, Jack Leavitt with his trombone, Norm as drummer, and Frances G. as pianist, ably conducted by Mr. Ohlsen with Mr. Bayne writing the orchestrations. I hope our entertainment at Christmas was enjoyed, anyway we certainly enjoyed playing. Did you note those sharp stands? These were the efforts of our male section of the band. Perhaps a little music at Mountain teen dances would 'pep' things up a little. How about it? Say has anyone any suggestions for a suitable theme song? If so mention it to any of the above musicians.

# - EX-STUDENTS -

The holiday welcomed back many of B. H. S. ex-students to our sunny valley. That is why I have no letters for you in this paper. Various house parties were thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended them. The Christmas Dance and Mount-Teen caused a full scale turn out. The holidays being over everyone has returned to the Halls of Learning to rest and get ready for another year.



## Gruesome Twosomes

Cupid seems to be saving his arrows around Banff High. Here are a few of the couples who seem to stay together through love and war.

Dort-----Ted

Lildred----Doug Tucker

Art-----Sally

Shirley----Joe

Shirley--Keith

Eunice-----Robert

Earl-----June

Esther-----Norman(Bugs)

Jack-----"B"

Doe-----Oscar

# Cruncher

## Wrentham, School Daze

I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl hands me at the dances.

The one thing most men can do better than anybody else is to read their own writing.

0-6

## Olds Junior Flashes

Mr. H- "What is HNO3?"

Laura- "I have it on the tip of my tongue."

Mr. H- "You better spit it out in a hurry, it is nitric acid."

....And there is the one about the butcher who stepped back into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his orders.

## Relvelstoke, Wash

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Putting a half dollar on the table she asked sharply, "What is it". Instantly a voice from the back row said "Tails".

## Wrentham, School Daze

Elain,- "Whenever I'm in the dumps, I buy a hat".  
Shenna,- "I've often wondered where you got them".

## U of A Gateway

They were speaking of depressivemanics and one said to the other, "I'd blow my brains out, but the thing that keeps me from doing it is the thought, 'Who'd clean my shotgun afterwards?'

Here's some parting advice- Put more water on the comb.

# MOUNT TEEN

Another day, another year has gone by, and Mount-Teen is still going full swing. Things have really gone swell for us this year, and for the past two months our functions have really had a good attendance. The Jaycees, who recently agreed to sponsor us, did well by getting us the auditorium during the Xmas Holidays, which has been refused us, in past years.

Mount-Teen is not a money-making club, but a club that will give help where help is needed. This was proven, when the president, Jean Allen, was approached by Mr S Becker, and asked if the M.T.C. would send Xmas gifts to children who were recently released from the Crippled Children's Hospital at Calgary. These children, apparently would not be able to have the joys of Xmas, as many of us had.

Recently we have received letters from these children, thanking us for our gifts. One small boy from Bellevue wrote -- and I write this as it was in the letter.

Bellevue, Alberta  
December 31, 1951

Dear Sirs:

This is a thank you note for the books you sent me. I like them very much, and I think you have been very go to me.

Thanking you, I remain

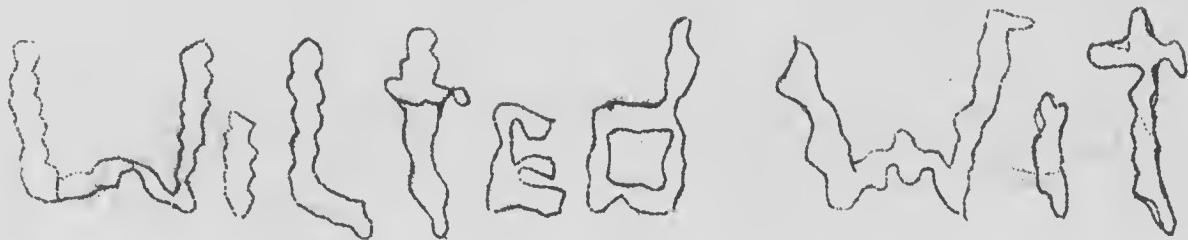
Yours truly  
Gregory Gleave.

Well gang, thanks for your co-operation in bringing your used toys and books; it really hit the spot, with those kids.

Work like this keeps us busy, and the more we can do, will make a lot of kids happy, so let's try.

Signing off, hope to see all of you at our next function.

P.S. We have been approached by the Carnival Committee to sell booster buttons; if one of the executive approaches you to sell some -- don't have an excuse for not selling them. The club gets part of the take. So don't shy away; help bring dollars into our treasury.



### Professor

I once had a classmate named Huesser  
Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser  
It at last grew so small  
He knew nothing at all  
And now he's a college professor

Father: "Well, Willes, what did you learn at school today?"  
Willie: (proudly) "I learned to say 'Yes sir' and 'No sir'".  
Father: "You did?"  
Willie: "Yeah"

Mother: "Why did you kick your brother in the stomach?"  
Johnnie: "It was his own fault. He turned around."

Men are just the opposite from guns: The smaller the caliber,  
the bigger the bore!

Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle lady. Use your noodle!"  
Lady: "Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

### Daffynitions

Womans tears--greatest water power known to man.  
Cowhide-----the thing that holds a cow together.  
Hamburger-----the last round-up.  
Janitor-----a man who never puts out any excess hot air.  
Small town----a place where everybody knows whose check is good.

Daughter of first filmstar---"How do you like your new father?"  
Daughter of secong filmstar--"Oh, he's very nice."  
Daughter of first filmstar---"Yes, isn't he? We had him last year."

A surgeon, and architect, and a politician were arguing as to  
whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adams rib, and that surely  
was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was  
created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "Somebody created the chaos  
first."

# SKI-NEWS

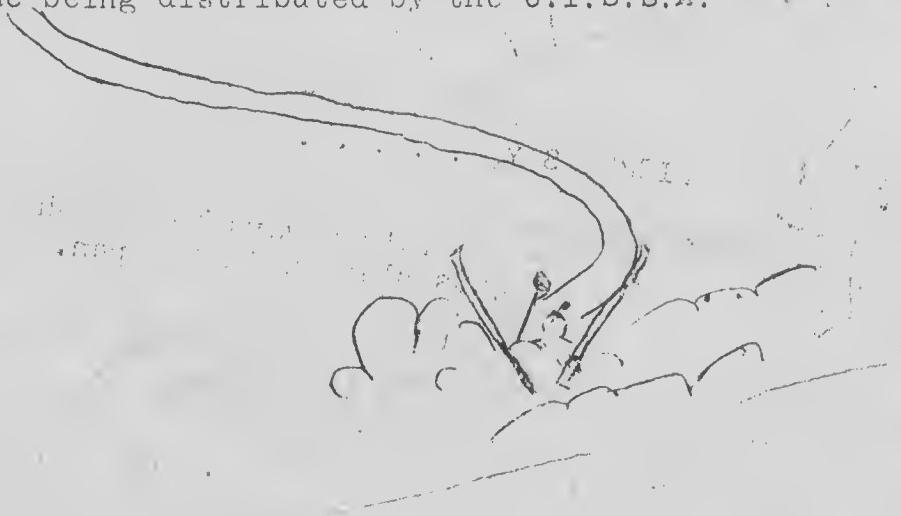


The biggest event of the carnival in the minds of the Junior Skiers of Alberta, is the Alberta Provincial Interscholastic Team Ski Championships. The races will take place on the last two days of the Carnival Meet, with cross country and jumping scheduled for Saturday and the downhill and slalom for Sunday. It is expected the teams from all over the province will enter and competition for the nine trophies to be awarded will be high.

The Meet which has been organized by the Calgary Inter-school Ski Association is sanctioned by the C.A.S.A. and endorsed by the local Ski Clubs. The teams will be made up of five boys and four girls from each high school entered in the Meet. They will be accommodated at the Banff School of Fine Arts and arrangements have been made for them to have rates on the chairlift.

The events of the Meet in the order in which they will be run are: Crosscountry to be run on the golf course. Jumping will take place on the Grizzley Street Jump on Tunnel Mountain, Downhill from the top of Mount Norquay and as a special feature, a double slalom set by Peter Van Wagner which should be something to see. With Garry Blackburn appointed to the racing committee the officiating of these events will be tops.

Additional information on the Meet may be obtained from the programme being distributed by the C.I.S.S.A.



# "Newcomers"

Another newcomer in grade ten this year is Charles Wickson, better known as "Chuck" who was born in Calgary on the 28th of Jan. and is now 16. He is 5'lo" and has brown and brown eyes. As far as sports go Chuck can't see past hockey. Chuck expects to be in Banff quite a while.

Sixteen year old Syivia Thorne was born in Toronto on Dec. 31st 1935. Sylvia moved to Banff from Toronto. She is 5'4" tall has hazel eyes and brown hair. As far as Sylvia knows she will be here in Banff for quite a while. Her ambition is not yet certain.

These are the only newcomers who have started school here since our last edition of the paper. Let's make their stay here an enjoyable one



PIERRE SAYS . . . . .

It's always the fresh egg that gets slapped in the pan.

# Sketches of the Student

## Hiram Bigbrain (Ideal Student)

This is a student often dreamed of by the teachers but seldom seen. At precisely 8:45 every morning he enters with a casual air and seats himself at his desk and waits for classes to commence.

This student never misses getting an assignment in on time. (Is this possible?) He never misses and equation in chemistry and knows all his verb forms in French. This type wears thick glasses with wire rims. He usually has a slight physique and wears the latest fashions. You never see him uptown at night; he is always at home pouring over heavy volumes. There are not many students like this but teachers can dream.

.....Then we have this kind of student.

## Vera Rumba

At 9:05 she comes barging into the class room, gushing apologies, flops into her desk and proceeds to go to sleep. When asked for her chemistry assignments she wakes up long enough to say, "Was that for today?" then drifts off again. At recess she is first out of the room and last to return when the bell rings again. This dumb blonde on seeing the "G's" on her report card claims, "I have worked hard all year. The teachers gave it in for me." (no wonder) Is this anyone we know?

# Advice To The LOVETORN

All persons in this column are entirely in no way meant to resemble any students in Banff High School (either dead or alive) and any so-called resemblance is absolutely coincidental.

Dear Love Torn Ed,

My girl friend has a dog, not a big one mind you, but a dog. He has the most annoying habit of sitting on my lap and drooling down my neck. Every morning I come to school covered with beautiful orange hair and my g.f. is jealous. Urgent advice needed.

Doggily yours,  
Woof-Woof.

Dear Woof-Woof;

My advice to you is to buy a muzzle and rope (not for the girl friend.)

Yours,  
Butter Ball

Dear Butter Ball,

I have a lengthy problem;

1. My boy friend is a full 4 feet 10 inches in his elevator shoes. 2. I am a shorty too. 6 feet 11 inches. Between walking on my knees and standing on the bottom step, I am beginning to feel belittled. So hurry postman, don't delay, answer needed right away.

Lengthly yours,  
Long Jane.

Dear Shorty;

Your problem is simply answered - that is - the short of it; for graduation give your boyfriend some stilts and in the meantime,

Happy crawling to you,  
Butter Ball.

Dear Butter Ball;

Flip, flip, flop,  
My little heart goes pop,  
When I hear this vocalist singing;  
Oh, what should I do?

Bursted Heart,

Dear Bursted heart;

For the good of your life, rush to the doctor's. Your life is in danger.

Heartingly yours,  
Butter Ball.

# INTERMEDIATE SECTION

EDITOR----- Carol Leavitt

ASST. EDITOR----- Pauline Ness

NEW COMERS----- Carol Leavitt

SPORTS----- Harold White

SOCIAL DOINGS' ----- Noreen Mc Gelland

# ~EDITORIAL~

The annual Banff Winter Carnival is one of the biggest sporting events in Western Canada. We get out of school to participate in the carnival, not to stay in bed as some of the students do. The carnival committee goes to a lot of trouble thinking of new ideas and getting people to participate in them. Last year was the first year of the dog sled races. There were only three entries. I'm sure that there are more dogs in town.

Let's have more students in the ice sculpturing. The more the better.

I don't mean that you should enter the ski jumping competition if you can't ski. But get out and cheer the people who are willing to enter. Let's all get out and make this one of the best carnivals yet. A carnival to be proud of.

Your Assistant Editor

Pauline Ness.

# SOCIAL DOIN'S

Wayne Ferguson had a Dance in his home the first part of January, and it seems it was a pretty big affair. Dances of all kinds and eats were greatly enjoyed by those who attended. We were just wondering at what time it broke up. By the looks of the kids the next day it wasn't very early.

Susie Neilsons party which was also her birthday was held about two weeks after Waynes. Games were played and dancing was enjoyed. Two of the Gill boys were there from Calgary and were liked by all especially the girls, (Eh, Lorna?) the party broke up quite late.

## School parties

It seems that lately our school dances have been quite a success, that is until it comes to the eats and then we act as though we were starved. Is it because we were starved. or because we don't know any better? So let's show everybody we have manners and our parties will be even more successful.

## SPORTS

Banff Wednesday January, 9. On this night the Banff Kidgets played the Canmore Midnights and defeated them 5-2. This game was played at the Banff Skating Rink at 8:30. Goals were scored by Foster and Wickson for Banff and Marra and Socco for Canmore. It was a good game as this was the first game of the season between the two teams.

Banff Line Up- Bell, Cwell, Lion, Foster, Wickson, Jeneraux, White, R. Scott, Mitchell, Fairless, Smith, Robley, Gretz.

There will be more games played by the Kidgets this winter. Try and get out to cheer for the boys.

## The Inevitable End

Sam wants but lit le here below,  
He's ready to admit it,  
And if Uncle Sam keeps taxing him  
He's pretty sure to get it

# New Comers

NAME: Donna King

BIRTH PLACE: Morden Saskatchewan, May 1st, 1933

PET PEEVE: Baseball

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, swimming

FAVORITE COMIC: Bugs Bunny

AMBITION: Nurse

PASTIME: Reading, baby-sitting

NAME: Pearl Renz

BIRTH PLACE: Kneadive, Saskatchewan, July 6, 1936

PET PEEVE: Homework (Natch)

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, bowling

FAVORITE COMIC: June Arden

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: Drop dead.

AMBITION: Stenographer

PASTIME: Reading

NAME: Sheila Vincent

BIRTH PLACE: Toronto, December 8th, 1936

PET PEEVE: Teachers who have pets

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: Oh Brother

FAVORITE COMIC: Archie

AMBITION: Travel around the world

PASTIME: Reading and baby-sitting

"What is a cannibal, Tommy?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if you ate your mother and father what would you be?"

"An orphan."

SHE: "Doesn't the bride look stunning?"

HE: "Yeah, and doesn't the groom look stunned?"

DEFINITIONS:::

WOMEN'S AMBITION: To be weighed and found wanting

YES: A married man's last word.



